IN THE HIMALAYAS.

EXPLORING AND CAMPAIGNING ON THE VERGE OF THE PAMIRS.

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET. A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Glight and the Adjoining Countries. By E. F. Knight, With a map and illustrations. Pp. xvi, 405. Longmans, Green & Co.

Almost a year spent in traversing the comparatively small area bounded by the seventy-third and degrees of east longitude seventy-eighth the thirty-third and thirty-seventh parallels of north latitude enabled Mr. Knight to make a fairly minute study of the races east and borth of the Punjaub. It is the realm of Pertab Sing, Maharajah of Kashmir, and has become, to all practical intents and purposes, a part of the British Empire. But, as it may still be called debatable land, its position gives it special interest in the frontier politics of three great capitals-London, Pekin and St. Petersburg. For Kashmir has been called the northern bastion of India. It stretches up to the so-called Roof of the World, where Russian explorers are continually at work, and from which, if we are to believe Mr. Knight and other English writers, parties of Cossacks not infrequently make their way among the tribesmen to the southward fomenting disturbances, which, apparently, the British are only too glad to have the opportunity of suppressing. To the eastward the Maharajah rules over a portion of the Tibetan Buddhists, the inhabitants of the province of Ladak. His subjects comprise the greatest variety of races and religions. Almost every shade of Asiatic Mahometanism is represented among India, and these antagonistic beliefs seem actually be the case in the West, but mixed with clay and to have been fused into one in the minds of some tribes, while in others the conflict of religious has produced complete indifference, such as would satisfy the most arrogant freethinker Polyandry and polygamy confront each other on the confines of Balt and Ladak, the troops of children among the Balti Mahometans and the rarity of offspring among the Ladaki Buddhists attesting the results of these two antique forms of marriage. Mr. Knight was particularly struck by the fact that polyandry

sound the trumpet over British achievements. His volume is mainly an argument in the form of a narrative against those people in England who oppose further aggression in Asia. "There," he most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. Here, however, most intricate movements, and the music was made of the other eats to its own injury. and old-fashioned patriotism takes the place of parochial-politics squabbling. It is in Asia, perhaps, that one realizes best what-Great Britain is, and there one sees the pack of her sons fixing the larger and nobler life that men should live." But figures in yellow robes and peaked hoods with results from the discrimination; as when the Mr. Knight confesses that he could have given no information about the military works at Rawal Pindi, since his departure for Srinagur, the capital of Kashmir, was hastened by Mr. Charles Speciding, the engineer who was constructing strategic roads estensibly for the Maharajah, but obviously of the highest utility to the Empire. His work was only one example of the methods by which the English, to use Mr. Knight's phrases, " are actively interfering in the administration of the country. and introducing much-needed reforms, which will produce important results in the Immediate future. Thus for the second time Kashmir his become a British possession. Previous to 1819 it was ruled by Pathan conquerors. Then it was captured by the Sikhs and was annexed to the Punjaub until it was assigned by treaty in 1846 to Golab Singh, the Maharajah of Jummu. The English were then unaware of the fertility and attractwere not impressed with the indispensable necessity of controlling in their own interest the passes of the Hindoo Koosh and Karakoram mountains. It is the treaty the Maharajah was to pay an indemnity of seventy-five lacs of rupes, a nominal annual tribute in Kashmir shawls, and to hold his army in readiness to aid the Empire in any war near his frontiers. But the wastful and oppressive methods of Oriental revenue collection and oppressive methods of Oriental revenue collection gradually reduced the country to bankruptey and the unreal troops to the capital series and preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed by a satyr play.

To A WILD ROSE FOUND IN OCTOBER.

Though and the shape of a personal reminiscence, which had preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed by a satyr play.

We many the time of the steep. The Nagara, First and Last," is the title of the steep. The name of the steep. The shape of a personal reminiscence, which had preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed by a satyr play.

We make the passes of the lens shifted eless thing forth two are shall and preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed by a satyr play.

We make the find of Koosh and Karakoram mountains by a satyr play.

We have the time of the steep. The Nagara translation are the shape of a personal reminiscence, which had preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed that had preceded, just as a Greek tragedy was followed.

"Able as they are, when these two plants are before them to see that, though the two are shaller to be the steep to be statical in the shape of a personal reminiscence, when the and the unpaid troops to the condition of a mob. This furnished the excuse for English interference. which has taken the form of a loan of certain an Englishman has control of all the methods for any military movement of which the Kashmiris feel themselves incapable can easily be shifted to the strong hands of an Imperial agent. It was as a volunteer under such an agent that Mr. layan campaign in midwinter.

systematic must prove welcome to the people. The through their territories from the notorious English officia's equalized the burdens which the Gilgit road. They resisted, of course, and Colopeople had to bear, and while augmenting the in-come of the State, left the farmers with something about 5,000 men, all told, against them. The come of the State, left the farmers with something to encourage their future labors. The same devices which had made the agriculturists of the Puniaub prosperous were put in operation to restore human happiness in that Vale which has where it was perpetual rifle practice can be imbeen the theme of romance ever since mankind began the practice of telling tales and composing verse. Peasants who had been driven into exile by taxation and by the enforced labor on public roads returned to their homes. They no longer had to conceal their crops to keep them from being seized. In general the picture of the valley which Mr. Knight gives, in spite of his resolute determination not to quote from "Lalla Rookh," is idyllic. Only man is vi'e. The author ex-pres es the deepest contempt for the character of have been. Mr. Knight gives high praise to cowardly to a degree unexampled even in Asia. scription, they are certainly as brave and re-Any living creature, even a half-grown puppy, can fright n a Kashmiri into hysterical mouning and we cing. This timidity has, perhaps, been the cause of their preservation, since the braver races the most characteristic features of a that overran the country found it more profitable | yet little visited by the people of the West. to rob them of the crops they had raised than to kill them and then undertake the labor of tilling the land. Curiously enough these cowardly peasants adhere to a corrupt form of the most military religion ever invented, that of Islam, while their oppressors-at least those of recent times-were Hindoos, whose faith in any form is certainly far from warlike. This is only one example of the topsy-turveydom which may be found in Asia. Of most other races in the Kashmir State, Mr. Knight speaks with respect. The Baltis were good-natured, the Ladakis were frank and hospitable, the Hunzas and the Nagaris were brave foes and good friends; but that the Kashmiris would ever be men seems doubtful to the author.

journey was a trip with the "Bandobast Wallah," the Settlement Officer, Mr. Walter Lawrence who went about the districts one after another holding a rough-and-ready court and adjusting the taxing problem for each village. The experiences at each village were, of course, much alike. The people "squatted" in a patient, respectful semicircle at a distance from the offloer, while the clerks called them up one by one to come forward and tell their tales. district, and the cultivators threatened that they would desert their farms unless a reduction was made. This is a threat which is frequently carried out, for assamis (farmers) lose nothing by going away from their houses, as they can readily obtain employment on some Hindeo's land, or migrate to the village of a wife's relatives. But their own village suffers by their desertion, for the annual revenue of the State has to be made up, and the remaining villagers, who possibly aldy have more land on their hands than they can cultivate, have to pay the share due from Cases of extortion by dinate officials were settled by the court with promotness that awoke the gratitude of the

The first important episode of Mr. Knight's

servile Orientals, new cultivators were assigned to lands in Villages which had lost part of their population, and thus gradually order more or less closely approximating the notions of the West emerged from the chaos of Asiatic custom.

Before he reached Srinagur Mr. Knight fell in with Captain Bower, of the 17th Bengal Infantry, who was then just starting on his journey across Tibet to Shanghai, which he successfully completed. The blank space on the map repre senting a country as yet unexplored by white men was an irritation to the captain, and he expressed the hope now realized of doing away with much of it before he returned to civilization. At his invitation Mr. Knight accompanied him to the boundary between the Buddhists of the Kashmir State and those of Tibet proper. In Lodak he found himself among the gompas, as the Lama monasteries are called, in the region of wayside idols, of praying machines, stationary and portable, run by hand or by water power; where the strange formula "Om, mani padmi, om was forever sounding in his ears; where two younger brothers were obliged to become the associate husbands of their elder brother's wife, and the woman of wealth might select and discharge a husband at her pleasure at the expense of a sheep or a few rupees. "Each day's journey," he remarked, "now brought us into a more religious region, until in the vicinity of Lamayuru and Leh, praying flags, altars, mani and chortens were to be seen scattered over the whole face of the country, every prominent pinnacle of rock being fashioned into a prayer or an idol." It should be added that a mani is a wall, each stone of which is decorated with a sculptured prayer, while a chorten is a shrine in which are deposited the ashes of departed saints, not in urns as might Ladaki always passes to the left of a prayer gall. as he thus secures the efficacy of every prayer inscribed on the stones. While the travellers were at Leh, the capital

of the province, the time came for the fair at the Gompa of Himis, the centre of religion in was filled with a multitude of creatures almost

valleys leading up to the Tagdambash Pamir. between the Hindon Koosh and the Mustagh, or Karakeram Mountains. These people, who claimed descent from the soldiers of A'exander's army, sub-The army has been reorganized by English officers, sisted mainly upon the booty secured by raids an Englishman has control of all the methods for on caravans between Leh and Yarkand, and an Englishman has control will be seen later on, collecting revenue, and, as will be seen later on, any military movement of which the Kashmiris Their rulers were called Thums, and the two monarchs, when not engaged in external war, were usually at war with each other. Their failure as a volunteer under such an agent that Mr. to put an end to caravan robberies led the Knight enjoyed the rugged pleasures of a Hima- English Agent at Gilgit, a post in Northwestern Kashmir, conveniently turned over to the Eng-Any method of governing the country that was lish, to insist upon building a military road straight campaign lasted less than a month, but that month was December, and the character of the war in narrow mountain passes and on the peaks agined. Mr. Knight volunteered, and he seems to have enjoyed the adventure as well as the more peaceable life at Srinagur or Leh. There were only two important actions, and both consisted in the capture of native fortifications on the mountain sides. In one case the attacking party had to clamber up a precipica nearly 1,200 feet above the valley. It was not much of a war, but it was far more dangerous They are a big, muscular race, but the native troops, and, according to his desourceful in an enemy's country as troops could be. The value of the book is greatly increased by

the numerous copies of photographs, presenting

From The Times of India.

Among the yet misolved problems of Indian ethnology, and one that the census has only dealt with to make confusion worse confounded, is the religion of the sweeper caste. It seems clear enough, turnigh all the confusion, that the supreme delts of the Chullrus is Latjura or Latheg, "a god without form br dwelling-place." A mound of earth surmounted by a piece of stick and a bit of cloth for a flag is this delty's shrine, and to it poolah is made and a little sacrifice offered of ghee or grain. It needs no consecration, this simple shrine; and wherever the sweeper may be, if sickness comes, or a gift is desired, the little shrine may be set up with its quere bit of rag and silea, and the worshipper's prayer is made. It is curious to note how this primitive faith differs from Hindoolsm, both ancient and modern, as well as from Buddhism.

Hindoolsm, both ancient of the state of the same of the same of sonis. Once a sweeper,

with the transmigration of souls. Once a sweeper, always a sweeper, and even the ideal sweeper, Pir Ihota, with his broom of gold and basket of silver, a cleans now the fourth heaven, the house of God, and sweeper the apartments of the Highest. The good sweeper goes to heaven, however, after death; but in the heaven of the sweeper there is nothing to do hut bathe and sit at ease. The bad sweeper, on the other hand, goes to hell, where he is tormented by fire and wounds till the Delty is pleased to vouch safe rellef. Between these two extremes is a kind of Purgatory, where the sweeper who is not good enough for the one place and not had enough for the one place and not had enough for the one place and not had enough for the other, undergoes a sort of probation which either Mills or cures him.

Of Balmik, the great leader of one sect of sweeperrs, and now himself, like Fir thota, a sweeper in the courts of heaven, the accounts differ so widely that it is difficult to identify him. It seems clear, however, that with the profession of sweeper he combined the recreation of poetry, and there is some amount of evidence in favor of his having been the author of the Ramayana. He is alternately represented as a low easte hunter of the Karnal Nardak, and as a Bhil highwayman who was converted by a saint whom he was about to rob. There is a legend, too, that he lay down his life for the sweepers of Benares, and induced the people of that city to admit sweepers into their presence, as they hat never done before.

As for Laibog, the other great leader, he takes us

SPENCER'S ETHICS.

HIS SECOND VOLUME COMPLETED.

NEGATIVE BENEFICENCE AND POSITIVE BEN-EFICENCE. Being Parts V and VI of the Prin-ciples of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. Pp. 203-483. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Mr. Spencer confesses in the preface to this book that the doctrine of evolution has not stood him in as good stead as he hoped it might in dealing with human conduct. He accounts for this by calling attention to the infinite complexity of the actions of so complex a being as man, living under the complicated conditions of society, and suggests that definite conclusions throughout the entire range of the subject could not be expected. The lack of a generalization gives these chapters the appearance rather of illustrative essays than of and the like, which, in the long run, are neuintegral parts in a strongly knit synthetic system. I trailized by a corresponding reduction in legiti-Yet he starts out well from a discussion of the

habit of discrimination, which, as he shows, belongs in one way or another to the lowest forms of life. Referring to the "Principles of Psychology," he reiterates the view that all operations of the intellect are, when carefully studied, recognitions of likeness and unlikeness, like things positive beneficence is taken up also with the being associated with each other and the unlike probable limits of generosity in the case of husthings being set off by themselves. This process bands and wives, parents and children, brothers begins in the most rudimentary sensations. If one closes his eyes in the sunlight, and passes his and those in safety, the poor and the rich-with hand across the field of vision, he will find that a censure of poor laws and organized charitieshe can discriminate between the presence and ab- of people in social life, and of men in politics. sence of an opaque object, but that he cannot decide by vision alone as to the nearness or remote- that kind of beneficence which is vigilant against ness of an object, or as to its relative size. This the growth of corruption at the expense of all the experiment puts one in a position to understand those lowly creatures which instead of eyes have only points of pigment more or less sensitive to light and to the interception of light by objects, pursue unselfish ends anselfishly must gradually The power of discrimination in these animals, so increase, and to these the hopes of a perfected far as it depends upon vision, must be very slight. humanity must be intrusted. The ultimate same-"Evidently a creature having only this mascent tion of all beneficence is the maintenance, presvision is at a great disadvantage-cannot dis- perity or happiness of the race. But it must be tinguish between the obscuration caused by the confessed that from the evolutionary point of Ladakistan. While there was little business done moving frond of a weed in the water it inhabits view some cases cannot be fully accounted for at the fair, the dramatic entertainment furnished and the obscuration caused by a passing creature; under these ultimate principles-for example, the by the Lamas, which Mr. Knight calls by the name cannot tell whether it results from a small creation and disal feeling toward aged parents who are no of a mystery play, was of unique interest. It was, ture near at hand or a larger one at a distance; longer of use to the race. This seems an almost particularly struck by the fact that polyandry was a companied by an emancipation of woman perhaps, the first time that these stratege ceremonies cannot tell whether this creature is harmless and fatal defect in evolutionary ethics. Another decompanied by an emancipation of woman had come under the eye of a photographer, and Mr. may serve for prey or is predactions and must be feet—one purely logical—grows out of Mr. Spenavoided." The perils of life are far more nu- cer's definition of evolution as proceeding from

be rescued by the exercisms of some devout being. genee, one of which rejects a pois nous plant while geneous, from the merally diverse to an ideal one seems to live in a purer atmosphere, with "shawms and other huge wind instruments," of expression, which conceals a wholly fallucious with surnais, cymbals, gongs, tambourines and rai-tles made of human bones." All the performers were complex groups of attributes are separated in masked. There was first a procession of mitrel consciousness from other complex groups, to which priests swincing smoking censers, then a crowd of they are, in many respons, similar, and survival masks like satyrs, then a bewildering variety of demoniae forms. A group of holy masks descending less Larkspur." Is it true that the Monkshood the steps from the temple scattered the demons by or the Larkspur or any other plant is a "complex their presence. These to the number of seven gr up of attributes in consciousness?" Is it not ranged themselves on one side of the quadrangle rather the truth that the consciousness of comwhich was the stage of the play. Then the area plexity never exists in any mind except as the lass to the world. result of education? A yellow primage is a yelwas filted with a multitude of creatures and so results of endeation? A yellow prince is a yellow prince, but its image in consciousness is senting disembedded souls mable to find the one thing to Peter Bell, and another to the poet, and still another to the because. The last name I. miserable westeles raged demons with the heals in fact, has to have a rew word for the object of oxen or scripe its ort gers and othe s that looked which he sees. This point is not a trivial one like skeletors. A smell black image placed in It is the pivot on which the reality of external the middle of a triangle inscribed on the floor of the things as revealed to consciousness turns. By court became the centre of the whole movement. the use of memory and reason, a fact in conscious-Mr. Knight secured a most graphic picture of the skeleton forms duncing around this image. They but this very process, imperfect in one mind. were at last dispersed by a holy mask, but on the following day a similar ceremony ended with the perfect in one more artificially trained, shows that the original testimenty of perception was then unaware of the Happy Valley, and tearing of the image to pieces. The two days naunivere not impressed with the indispensable necessimple, and the image to pieces. The two days naunivere not impressed with the indispensable necessimple and the image to pieces. The two days nauniverse of the different decrees of discriminations of propositions of the indispensable necessimple. in people of ordinary intelligence and ould be impossible if the Monkah oil and the Larkspur were respectively "complex around of attributes in consciousness." It is because they are, as plants, complex groups of attributes, of attributes in consciousness." It is because they are, as plants, complex groups of attributes of which the untrained mind perceives one, perhaps, at a glance, the trained mind a greater number, that they are really forcible illustrations of what Mr. Spencer goes on to say. If the untrained mind apprehents with such difficulty the difference its images of objects only insiderately complicated, how much less will it be able to disc. criminate where the number and the entanglement themselves the only objects of consciousness. When such involved combinations and processes of thought must be kept together in the minet the ability to discriminate either from the other, which is like in many respects, but differs in some essential respect, fails even in many highly cultured minds." He illustrates this defective

> example:
>
> Of more complex cases, one is faraished by a meent incident—the case of the Eastboarne Salvationasts. Most of the townspeople object to their processions headed by noisy bands; while the boisterous Christians say that they are simply maintaining that religious liberty which all now admit. But here comes the lack of discrimination. It is foresten that, while in the interest of religious liberty, each citizen or group of citizens may rightly perform oreanonies andlary to his belief, in the kilerests of general liberty individual citizens, or groups of them, may rightly resist intrusions upon that pene-ful course of life they are pursuing. There is impulity to separate in thought those assertions of religious freedom which do not involve aggressions on others from those which do involve aggressions on freedom which do not fivolve aggressions of others from these which do involve aggressions of others in the form of anisances. An not out do these fanatics fail to distinguish between Filizions liberty and religious license, but even out begislators (if we suppose them to be acting single-greeky justed) of seeking votes) also fail. This bit of history emphasizes to the author'

discrimination by alluding to a somewhat notorious

mind the fact that discrimination, however much it may have improved as between the lowest and highest creatures, must, at its best, be very imperfect where the "things to be discriminated are not visible objects and actions, but are mental representations of complex aggregates of things and actions, and feelings, and causes and effects, part of them belonging to the passing time and part of them to the time coming." This imperfection is shown in the consideration of those courses of conduct which imply a more or less sympathetic recognition of the claims of others. For to the individual mind not only are the divisions in the sympathetic conduct toward others obscure, but even the boundaries between egoism and altruism are far from being well defined. It is possible to conceive a society strictly just in which, nevertheless, the interests of the individual should be the only ones acknowledged. The consideration for others which arises solely from consideration for one's self belongs wholly to the range of justice. Beyond that there is an illimitable realm, the realm of negative and positive beneficence. The line between justice and beneficence has been better drawn in the past than it is at present. "Hot-headed philanthropy" and helter-skelter legislation" are obliterating a distinction which is vital to correct ethic. Justice has been not merely supplemented but supplants: by compulsory generosity, so to speak, and Mc Spencer looks with some alarm to the advent of a state having for its motto the words: "It shall be as well for you to be inferior as to be superior." The present tendency is one which undermines the desire for excellence in those capable of it, destroys the possibility of progress and if carried out to its due result can end only in communism and anarchy, where the individual shirks all responsibility for his own misterds, and

state. The only outcome of such a process must be "a return to the unrestrained struggle for life as among brutes." On these grounds Mr. Spencer criticises the position taken by trades-unionists and Socialists, who limit the superior workman by the capacities of his inferiors, and, on the other hand, condemns those who in trade use the forms of competition to kill competition. Curiusly enough his only personal instance under this head is the case of a merchant long famous in New-York. In all such cases negative beneficence puts restraints upon free competition in addition to those fixed by justice. Following this line of thought, the author enumerates the restraints which are to be put upon the enforce ment of contracts; on undeserved payments, for example, gifts to street musicians who play budly, extras to cabmen, tips to railway servants. mate income; on displays of ability, say in conversation or in games of skill; on blame, where special opportunity is given for moderation, and on praise where it may be injurious, as in the case of a vain child.

Much of the discussion under the head of and sisters, the sick and the well, those in peril Alighting from the train which had brought him from Boinbay to Rawal Pindi, the traveller found himself in one of the most important military stations of the British Empire. As to the work going on there, however, the reader will learn nothing from this book. Mr. Knight was in India not to disclose Eritish secrets, but to learn nothing from this nood. Mr. Kinghi was in India not to disclose British secrets, but to malianant demand only necessionally could it. malignant demons, and only occasionally could it herbiverous animals of apparently equal intelli-

But every line of the book, as indeed every time which Mr. Spencer has written in sociology, Queen of the year, we greet thee-was ever a month demands the most careful study. demands the most careful study.

LITERARY NOTES.

ences was having to carry an ansold edition of one of his works to a grocer's to dispose of it as waste paper. There be irreverent persons who are unap-predictive enough to hold that others of this great man's works mucht have shared this fate without much

An imperfect Caxton was self in London the other dey for \$600. It was a copy of John de Trevisa's translation of Highwis "Telycronycon" (1482), and it

The intest characterization of Walt Whitman Is a "the representative in America of the remantle spirit which has informed the best artistic work in Europe for heavy a century." Tale is the view of him pre-

Some heretofore unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott will be found in the work on "old and Kare acottish Tartans," just published in Edmburgh.

"Ningara, First and Last," is the title of the storf,

the first class. Of the others the first is the Breviury of Isabella the Catholic, presented to her on the occasion of the marriage of her daughter Jane with the Archeule Philip in 1464, the second is the Book of Hours of Jane herself, which contains two portraits f the Princess who was to become the mother of

Mr. Habert Howe Bancroft is preparing a huge his tort at and descriptive "Book of the Fair." It is, of course, to be the vehicle of many illustrations; and is to be published in parts during the progress

had been in staken in endeavoring to import into art the cast tion methods of science has readers will await

from methods was not a conspicuous success, In his mode of composition M. Zoia still exhibits in his man or construct, he told the Paris students, something of the cast from his told the Paris students, the other day, that his costom was to set himself the task of gitting through so many pages in so many crils Anthony Trollope's somewhat Pharasaical ob-The Trollope-Zota plan shows professiony in dastry, but it hardly allows for the inspiration of genus. But possibly genus is going out of fashion.

Mr. Edward Good is "doing a manual" on the

The Brantwood edition of Rustin's works, published this country by Maymard, Merrill & Co., is practhe two volumes of poems effect with notes by Mr. Collingwood. Professor Charles Elliot Norten has wraten, it will be remembered, the introductions to

violation of her laws as the result of an artificial | are turns up in the most unlikely places. A book of legal decisions is perhaps the last mine one would explore for amusement; but John Burton has told how a student consulting the index of such a volume came upon a piece of fun of the first water. Observing the words, 'Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind,' he turned up the reference, prepared to admire an stance of magnanimity on the bench, and found the passage, 'Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for perjury."

THE WHITE MOTH.

By A. T. Quiller-Couch. "If a leaf rustled, she would start:
And yet she died, a year ago.
How had so frait a thing the heart
To journey where she trembled so?
And do they turn and turn in fright.
Those little feet in so much night

The light above the poet's head streamed on the page and on the cloth, And twice and thrice there haffeled On the black pane a white-wing'd unth: Twas Annie's soul that beat out-aic, And "Open, open, open!" cried.

"I could not find the way to God;
There were too many faming suns
For signposts, and the fearful read
Led over wastes where millions
Of targed comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

But poets polishing a phrase Show anger over trivial things; And as she blundered in the blaze Toward bim, on easinthe wings, He raised a hand and smote her dead; Then wrote "That I had died instead!"

NO. 14: WALTZ-" MISS KITTY STEYNE." Miss Kitty Steyne—an echo rare
Of Old-World sweetness lingers there,
And fancy, at the sound, pouriersys
some Blushing Teast, the Tonbridge craze,
With sprigged breeade and powderet hair!
You should be making FOX despair,
GEORGE SELWYN agh, and WALFOLE stare,
Setting their modish hearts ablaze,
Miss Kitty Steyne!

And now, a partner light as air, still bringing gladness everywhere, To win a presier gallant's praise You come, in these degenerate days, No whit less bilthe an i debonair, Miss kitty Steyne!

JUNE.

By Mary Macleod.

of flowers.

And flying snowflakes of blossom fall on the earth of birds is round her, the world is a

HOUSE AND HOME.

By Katherine Tyman.

Where is the house, the house we love!

By field or river, square or street,
The house our hearts go dreaming of,
That lonely waits our hurrying feet;
The house to which we come, we come,
To make that happy house our home.

Oh dear dream-house! for you I store A mediev of such curious things,
As a wise thrush goes counting o'er,
Ere the glad morn of songs and wings,
When a small nest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up these dim states my heart will steal,
And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
And P, the sweet aired twilight glooms.
Will set a curtain struight, or chair,
And dust and order and make fair.

Oh, tarrying Time, hasten, until You light our hearth-fires, dear and warm, Set pletures on these walls so chill. And draw our curtains 'minst the storm, And shut us in together, Time. And shut us in tegether, Time. In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house he new or old

We care not; we will drive away
From last year's nest its memories cold,
And all he gold that once was gray.
Ch, dear dream house, for which we pray,
Our feet come slowly up your way!

For them the bobolink his music spilled.
In bubbling streams, and well the wild bee knew.
Their honeyed hearts. Now bird and bee are stilled,
Now southward swallows harry down the blue,

Flexing the murderous Frest that even now Hath smote the marshes with his bitter breath, Quenching the flames that danced on vine and lough— Think'st thou thy beauty will make truce with Death,

Or hold in summer's leash his loosened wrath? See, o'er the shrank grass trail the blackened vine And bark! the wind, tracking the show's fell path, Smarls like a fretted bound among the pines.

The pailld sunshine falls—a sudden gloom sweeps up the vale, asthrill with boding fear. What place for thee? Too late thy pride and bloom Born out of time, poor fool, what dost thou here what do I here when speeds the threatening blight?

June stirred my heart, and so June is for me. Who feels life's impulse boargeon into light Eecks not of scasons, knows not bird or bee.

I can but bloom-did the June roses more!
I can but droop-did they not also die!
The Moment is, the After or Before
Hites all from sight. Canat thou tell more than I

What matters if to night come swirling snow And Death! The Power that makes, that mar is One. I know nor care not; when that Power bids blow I ope my carled petals to the sum.

EDNAH PROCTER CLARKE.

FOUNDED BY A JESTER.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A LONDON CHURCH

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A LONDON CHURCH.

From The London Globe.

The further instalment of restoration which St. Barthelomen's Church, Smithfield, has undergone, and which will be formally inangurated on Monday by the fruite of Wales, is an interesting feature in the history of one of the oldest and most curious churches in London. It marks the removal of the last secular encroachment upon the old coclesiastical building, which formed part of the ancient priory of Startholomew, founded under the most romantle circumstances by Eahere, the King's minstrel, who had been companion of thereward, the last of the saxons. The church is almost amague as having been preserved from its erection, in the reign of Heury 1, to the present day. The entrance is still through the pointed arch of the Early English period, with dog tooth ornaments and four gracefully moulded orders, under which the monks passed when the church was surrounded by closier, chapter-house, referebry, great and little close and all the other appurtenances of a memastre community. All the plinsters except one have disappeared, but the capitals remain, and the node gateway, though much crumbled with age, has stood here since the days when it led to the monastic incleance.

It is said that many anecdotes will appear in Miss Ellen Terry's forthe-uning book of remin-sectores. It will deal only with the incidents of the actress's own life

"Thomas Horsefield Knight" is the title of Mr. Thomas Hardy 8 new story.

"Catriona" is the name which Mr. Stevenson's new story. David Ballour, is to lear in book form. The novel is now being revised by its author.

Mr. Eugene Field has written an introduction for the book entitled "First Editions of American Augusters" and thors"—a volume which gives dates and places of publication, the size and number of pages, and publish or's names.

There is wisdom in Sr Herbert Maxwell's recently printed suggestions to young readers. "If any young person of leisuire," he says, "were so much at a loss as advice as to what he should read, mineshould be exceedingly simple: Read enything learn on a definite object. Let him take up any linaginabe subject to which he fels attracted, be it the process alone of the equinoxes or postage atamps, the American hook to book, and unconsciously his handeling, not of that subject only, but of many subjects, will be increased, for the departments of the read not knowledge, not of that subject only, but of many subjects, will be increased, for the departments of the read not knowledge are divided by no octrod. He may abandon the first object of his pursuit for another; it does not matter, one subject leads to another; he will have acquired the habit of acquisition; he will have acquired the habit of acquisit stood here since the day inclosure.

Seven hundred and seventy years have passed she seven hundred and seventy years have passed she seven hundred and seventy years have passed she

FAMOUS PARIS ACTORS.

PAST AND PRESENT INMATES OF THE HOUSE OF MOLIERE.

The advent of the famous Theatre Francais company in London is now a feature of each year's dramatic season. But its character changes from year to year. Since 1879 all are changed save one. That one is the veteran Got. The rest are all new. The elder Coquelin, for example, is now a wandering star of the first magnitude, wheresoever his eccentric orbit may take him. Sarah Bernhardt, too, no longer belongs to the House of Moliere. Delaunay, the matchlessly elegant, has gone into permanent retirement. Mile. Croizette is now Madame, in quite the grand style. Madeleine Brohan is gone, and Favart, and Samary.

It is fitting that M. Got, the doren of the company, should still tread the boards. He always has had a certain ruggedness, both of boly and mind; that makes one think of an oak tree that would survive the storms of centuries. This trait has made him sometimes stubborn, to his disadvantage. For example, when " Le Roi s'Amuse" was first put on, Victor Hugo wanted the elder Coquelin to play the part of the deformed jester, Trihoulet. But M. Got, being the doyen of the company, insisted on playing it and hardly made & success of it. M. Got looks for all the world like a priest, and once was nearly killed because of that fact. It was under the Commune, when they were killing all the priests they could find. They captured M. Got and were leading him without

trial to the place of execution. "Why are you going to kill me?" he asked.

"You are a priest," they replied. "But, no! I am an actor. I am Got, of the

"Eah! That's too thin!" they answered. "You can't fool us. You're a priest."

"No, I'm not. See! Let me show you!" And forthwith he struck an attitude and began declaiming one of his best known parts. The soldiers gazed on him in admiration and were convinced. But as they released him, with many

apologies, one of them said: "Better let your whiskers grow, M. Got. It's

not safe even to look so much like a priest!" M. Got, by the way, was himself a soldier, and served for a year or two in Algeria, in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, under Sergeant Gerard, the famous lion killer. That was before he took to the

The idea of Got as a Chasseur d'Afrique is no more grotesque, however, than that of Sophie Croizette as a school teacher. Vet she came near being one, and of settling down in that calling for life. There never was a more charming creature on the stage than she was. Half Russian and half French, she combined the best traits of both races. She was Cossack enough to eat raw meat and candles. She was the most daring horsewoman in France. She drank spirits of peppermint-an exclusively Russian taste. And she was so absent-minded that she would get into her bath with her boots on! Withal, she was superstitious, and credited all the good fortune of her life to the fact that she once picked up a horseshoe! When she first entered the Theatre Francais company she was not well received by the others. They plied her with annoyances, At all these she merely shrugged her plump shoulders and kept silence. After a time her amiability made her a great favorite with all except Sarah Bernhardt. The latter has probably never forgiven her for a certain greenroom episode. Crof-zette was as plump as Bernhardt was lean. Well, after rehearsal one day Bernhardt said in Croizette's hearing:

"That poor Sophie! She cannot act. She does not know the boards!"

Quick as a flash Croizette replied: "Ah, the Divine Sarah! How superbly she can act. She is all boards!"

Croizetta married years ago a banker who is many times a millionaire, and retired forthwith from the stage. Indeed, she left Paris itself, as do nearly all actors and actresses who retire in good circumstances.

Mile. Reichemberg, whose absence from the company is also noticed, was a protege of Susanne Brohan, who practically adopted her and taught her the art of acting. No one cas forget her debut, when she was only fifteen. "An odor of youth," wrote M. Sarcey, "floats round ber." Seldom has Paris seen a more brilliant success. And two years later she was in the company of the Comedie Francaise.

the Comedie Francaise.

The "bright particular star" of the Theatre Francais company at the present time is Mile. Julie Bartet, whose history has been an interscing one. Her origin was humble, her widowed mother being wretchedly poor. But Mme. Regnard—the mother—was an old friend of Delaunay, and that accomplished actor used to give her and the child tickets for the Theatre Francais and encouraged Julie's dramatic ambition. The girl was finally admitted to the Conservatory in the fall of 1870, when disaster and ruin were coming heavily upon France. The events of the war, the siege and the Commune, however, quickened and strengthened her dramatic powers. Her debut upon the stage was successful, and she has now risen to the very foremest rank. Two thines distinguish her in private life from all other French actresses. One is that, though very well off, she lives in modest style and makes no display of diamonds or other costly jewels. The second is that she has never allowed her photographs to be put on sale in the shops or elsewhere.

But when one speaks of the Comedie Francaise.

put on sale in the shops or elsewhere.

But when one speaks of the Comedie Francaise one thinks of Coquelin, the elder. No one was ever liked by his courades so much as he. No one is missed by the public so much as he, "Wherever I sit is the head of the table," said a Scottish chieftain. So whatever part Coquelin played was the leading part in the play. He dominated the whole stage. His spirits were unfailing, his knowledge boundless. He was ready on the instant to prempt any other member of the cast, to improvise lines or action to cover a "break," or to go behind the scenes and play the part of stage carpenter.

improvise lines or action to cover a oreas, or to go behind the scenes and play the part of stage carpenter.

M. Coquelin was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the sen of a baker. In his boyhood he became possessed of an irresistible desire to go on the stage. He was then a robust lid, with souare shoulders and strong limbs, and was always reciting poetry and declaiming bits of tragedy and comedy. A neighber, a brother of Ponchard, the singer of the Opera Comique, who was also a professor at the Copera Comique, who was also a professor at the Copera Comique, who was also a professor at the Copera Comique, who was also a professor at the copeh, who belonged to the Theatre Francais, and was a professor at the Conservatory. So to-couchin started for Paris. He was then eighteen and a half years old. He went immediately to Regner.

"M. Regnier," he said, "I have not come up to Paris to vegetate: I wish to be one of the first, if not the first, in my new profession. If I cannot accomplish that, I prefer to go back to Boulogne, where I am sure of my daily bread."

The professor was struck by the lad's carnestness, asked him to recite some of his best pieces, and then quietly remarked: "Well, my box, stay here in Paris and we will make something of you.

Coquelin now determined to go to the examination for admission into the Conservatory. But he came within an acc of not passing. Mile, Augustine Brohan, who was a member of the jury of admission, was much displeased with the applicant.

"Oh, no," she said to Auber, then director of the cannot accomplish that, they is too my. Why.

eant.

"Oh, no," she said to Auber, then director of
the Conservatory "that boy is too ugly. Why,
his nose looks like a trumpet."

"And he uses it, too, as if it were a trumpet,"

"And he uses if, too, as it it was replied Auber;

"Put him in my hands," interrunted Regnier, who came warmly to the defence of his protego, and I promise in a short time to change your opinion of that young min.

"Very well," answered Auber; "take him, Markeniet, at your own risk and peril."

And at the end of a month the desired transformation had been obtained.

To turn from the company to the theatre, it is, perhaps, not generally known that one of the most interesting relies in the world is among the "properties" of the Francaise. This is the bell which once hung in the belity of the abbey church of Saint-Germain Fluxerreis, and on that terrible night in August, 1572, sounded out the signal for the messacre of St. Barthol anew. When the Revolution came, the bells from the churches were confiscated, thrown into the crucible, and recast into cannon. By a strange coincidence the company at the Theatre Francais were playing charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the size all of the Hugaenot massacre, and Marie Joseph Charles IV. A bell was wanting to toll the weak King, standing at his window of the old Louvry, and starting when he heard the solemn tolling. The bell is seldom heard now. It was taken out, however, and swung temporarily when Victor Hugo's drama of Marion Delormo was being performed. To turn from the company to the theatre, it is